## Bratmobile, Affection Training

This is daytime TV yeah yeah
There's a seat reserved just for you
I can never sleep, but I'm brain-dead
Branded with a piece of you
Oh no!
There's no other way
True love at the price of your soul
Insatiable-I can't get me no...
I don't like you any more

Than the other boys sold in this store What if I was honest with you?

Would that make you like me, like you?

I don't

I don't know

I don't know what to do

I stopped using my ears, so I watch you

He still asks about my job
I think that it fascinates him
We all need affection training
So how can I get you out of here?

He. She.

He's a she.

He's a she that don't exist

Well what do you mean? You knew about it? I learned somewhere that living with dudes Means you pick up their wet towels,

Dirty underwear and find their

Ignorance cute somehow

I ain't

I ain't done

"I ain't never done nothing" See Mr. Whatever describe himself It's frightening to feel worthless In the eyes of worthlessness My fear has nowhere left to go Impossible- I can't get me no no... All the girls are fighting over The dummest boys who run this town I watch myself get watched like TV But I'd rather run you down.